Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, shee
Would euer with *Marina* bee.
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it or when too'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with mone, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayses, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Post one the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I so conuey,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza does appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to doo't, tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeelde thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but cold, in flaming, thy loue bosome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee, but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolude.

Leon. I am resolude.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,

 borne